Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowtes i'th hams?

Baud. Who, *Mounsier Veroll*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter His crownes in the sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes coming vpon you, make me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willinly, despice, profit where, you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, make pitty in your louers sildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinon a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we haue, you'l lose nothing by custome. When Nature framed this peece, she ment thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, & thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Band